

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Townsend Rift

OBSERVERS, those who follow such things intently, apparently believe that the rift in the Townsend organization between Dr. Townsend and R. E. Clements, the two men who have headed the movement from the very first, is largely due to Dr. Townsend's statement Sunday about Senator Borah. Dr. Townsend told newspaper reporters Sunday at his home in Long Beach, California, that he had changed his registration from democratic to republican and would lend his personal support to the candidacy of Senator Borah for the presidential nomination. The doctor made it clear, however, that he was speaking for himself alone and did not intend to in any way involve the Townsend organization.

However earnest his intention, it is nevertheless true that the organization which bears his name has been generally loyal to Dr. Townsend's personal views. But what are Dr. Townsend's views on politics? What is his real feeling about Senator Borah, for instance? Borah has played a cagy game with the Townsend group. In Idaho he made no effort to stop the Townsend clubs from advertising him as supporting the Townsend plan. On the other hand he never did actually endorse the plan. He said it was something which should be seriously discussed and considered by congress. Later he stated flatly that he did not believe the Townsend plan a practical one although he favored a reasonable old age pension.

Apparently not understanding Borah's political strategy, Dr. Townsend has changed his mind about Borah several times. He was for him, he was against him, and now apparently is for him. Likewise Dr. Townsend has not definitely settled on a policy regarding the forthcoming election. At one time it was announced that a third party would be formed. That was later reversed. Now there is talk of reviving the "party" idea.

R. E. Clements, a capable organizer and good salesman, doubtless could no longer tolerate the confusion regarding policy and so resigned. But more destructive to the Townsend organization than disagreements between the head men is the effort of self-seeking politicians in city, county and state elections everywhere to use the Townsend clubs for their personal interests. No organization however high minded and sincere could for long survive with selfishness to the objective of many politically minded "leaders."

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

of blood must have done a rushing business, for with each trip to the bar it would get harder and harder to pick the right duck. But that is the tale the old timers tell, and they stick to it.)

CONSIDERABLE space has been devoted here to these reminiscences (picked up from various sources) of the old Brick Store, not only because the story is interesting in itself but because it is typical of conditions that existed in this western country up to a generation ago.

In the old town of Shasta, near Redding, now a ghost city but once a rushing mining camp, is an ancient store building that now houses a modest historical museum. The old account books, running clear back to the 50's, are a part of this museum.

They tell a story of business transactions essentially similar to

those carried on in the Brick Store—that is, a combination of merchandising, banking, brokerage and general business advisement. The general stores of those earlier days did a wide range of business and filled a big place in their communities.

BANKS in this country weren't born full-panoplied, like the Goddess Minerva. Like Topsy, they just "grewed up," out of whatever business soil they happened to find, and the better kind of country stores, such as the Brick Store, were rich soil for them to grow in.

The able keeper of one of these country stores commanded the confidence of his customers. He had to have a good safe, for it was necessary for him to keep considerable sums of money to carry on his business. So, for his customer who had sold his crop or his cattle, it was a natural step to leave the money in the storekeeper's safe. It was an equally natural step for him to write orders on the store for the payment of money.

In that simple manner, banking came into much of this western country, and the records indicate that it was a pretty sound sort of banking. It was built upon confidence in the PERSONAL INTEGRITY of the banker, which, after all, is the only real foundation for banking.

If we are cynical and modern, we say: "What saps the people were who accepted these orders in payment for their hard-earned property?"

They WEREN'T saps. They KNEW the man who wrote the order—knew his reputation, knew whether or not his words would be made good with deeds.

Knowing these things, they were taking small risk.

IN THESE modern days, we surround the transaction of business with a mass of laws and regulations designed (sometimes wisely, sometimes not) for the protection of those who do business. The result of these laws and regulations has been to make of business a highly complex structure.

In those earlier days, business practice was much simpler. It was based upon confidence in the individual, and if an individual was to command confidence he must justify it by honesty and fair dealing. Otherwise, he couldn't hope to do business on a very big scale.

It wasn't a bad system.

"OLD TIMERS" DANCE DATED AT ARMORY

A unique public dancing party is to be sponsored by the Roseburg armory Saturday night. Under the direction of Kenneth Lawson, chairman of the committee on decorations, club members are working night and day to transform the armory auditorium into a "hayloft" for the forthcoming barn dance. Overalls and gingham dresses will be the prevailing style for the evening. Old-time music will mingle with popular strains played by Joe Shirey's Pied Pipers. Harry Sandquist is chairman of the program committee, which is arranging a number of novelty features and stunts. A large advance ticket sale is reported.

DRIVER UNHURT AS TRUCK TAKES DIVE

THE FALLIES, Ore., March 25.—(AP)—A large truck and trailer of the Eastern Oregon Freight line hurtled over a 75-foot embankment on the Sherman highway near Thornberry early today and was demolished. The driver, Robert Twiss Jr., escaped injury.

The huge carrier turned over several times and splintered on boulders at the bottom of the canyon.

THREE BROTHERS ADMIT SHEEP THEFT

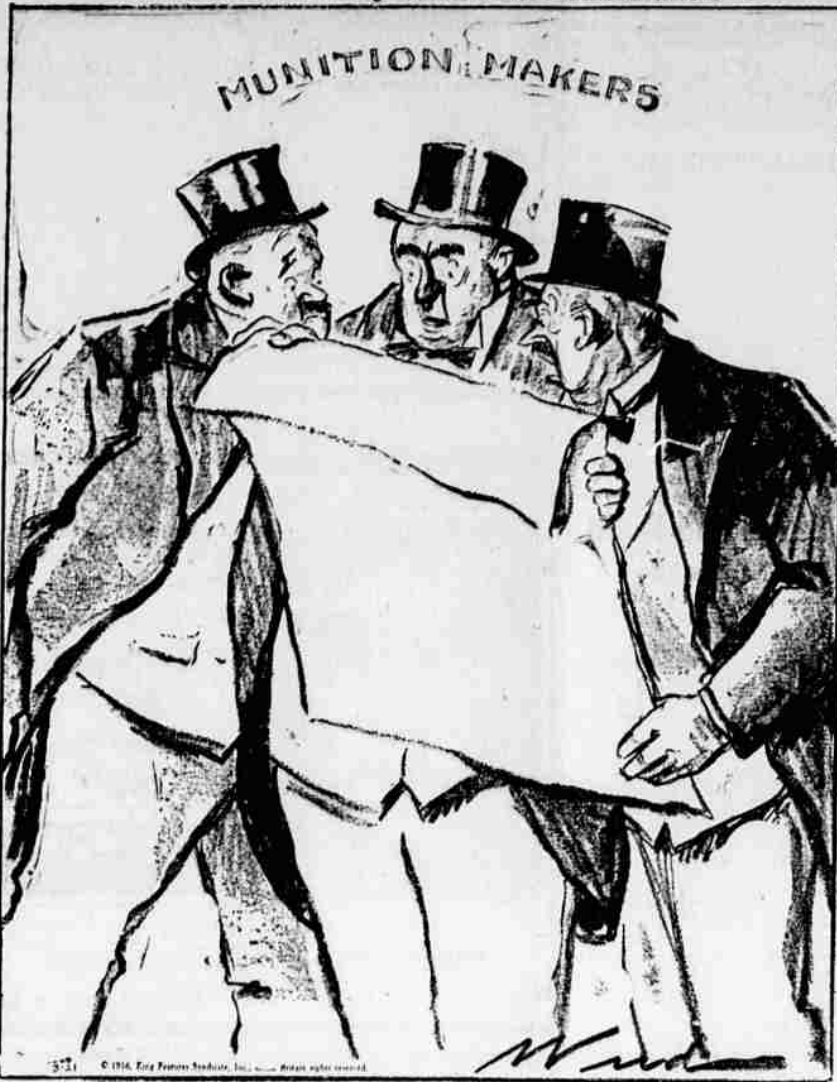
SALEM, March 25.—(AP)—Robert, Harold and John Anderson, brothers who confessed in circuit court yesterday to the theft of 171 sheep from 10 individuals in Marion and Polk counties, remained in jail today while Judge L. M. McManis pondered what sentences to impose.

The youths, 22, 21 and 20 years of age respectively, told the court they took the sheep because of their strained financial circumstances, and because of the necessity of supporting their mother.

FOR SALE

Kitchen range, heater, bedroom set, and various other items of household furniture. Call at 1929 Military Ave.—Adv.

"What does it say about the Rhineland?"



"WIFE IN CUSTODY"

By BEATRICE LUBITZ

CHAPTER XII
"You're wonderful, Walter!"
"No, it was sheer luck, that sale. And of course if mama hadn't lent me the money in the beginning I couldn't have done a thing. And if the girls hadn't worked, the shops would have been nothing. You see, it's a vicious circle. They made me, and I made them. Without me, they might have been nothing, and without them, I would have been nothing. We began to make money. They are wonderful workers, wonderful managers. All I did was find the sites and open them up. I could do this because I traveled all over selling beauty preparations and knew the field—and Irene even got me that job!"

"Oh, Walter, you're so modest. Anyone can manage a good beauty parlor. If the equipment is there and the location is good. The trick is to find a good location! You've done it all yourself!"
"No, it's only because you love me, Helen, that you think so. With my mother and sisters, I'd have been nowhere. The only thing I take credit for is the house on Seventy-fourth street."

"I knew the chap whose mother owned it. He was tubercular and had to go west. We were living at the time in an old-fashioned ugly flat on Hart street in Brooklyn. The girls were miserable. Mother was always slow to improve our surroundings. That's why they were so bitter. I was so busy making money that I didn't mind much how we lived."

"I decided to buy this house and give them all a beautiful home in New York. It was a brownstone house right off Central Park West. Mother was tickled with the house. It was exactly like the house she had worked in in Brooklyn when she first came to America. She never dreamed that some day she'd live in one herself and have a servant of her own!"

"But I didn't have enough money to swing the sale and I borrowed from mama again. This was just before the war. When the war broke out, I was crazy to go. You believe me, don't you?" he demanded fiercely.

"Yes," she said simply, "I do."

"I was wild to go. I was pretty tired by this time of the grind of making money. I was tired of the business. It's really a woman's business, not a man's. They were all set up. Mother had the kind of house she'd always craved; the girls had a nice home and I wanted to free myself of them."

the farm in Bound Brook, New Jersey. I've got it rented now. Mother came out with me and I became a farmer. It was a nasty piece of slacking but I was in a trap. God, how I wish sometimes I had gone! I'd have been free. And the war would have been such a glorious adventure!"

"Funny thing, I was never called in the draft again."

"But I worked like a dog on that farm, Helen. I produced twice as much as any farmer for miles around. I tried to do my bit that way."

"Dear Walter," she whispered. She laid her hand on his. "Luck was with me after that. I sold the house on Seventy-fourth street to a real estate syndicate and made forty thousand dollars on it. Incredible, isn't it? They bought the ground for an apartment site. With the money, I bought off my freedom from mama again and started the Fifty-seventh street Anastasia."

"That's the true story of the rise of the Rileys, Helen, so help me. It shows me for what I am. A coward, a slacker and an opportunist!"

"Oh, Walter, you're so wrong about yourself! You are marvelous! What you have done is simply wonderful. It was wonderful of you to buy that house for your mother and your sisters so that they could have a home and your mother the kind of house she craved. I have never heard of such devotion, such splendid self-sacrifice. You are the most unselfish man I ever heard of. I never knew anybody could be so good!"

"Sure, I only made forty thousand dollars profit on the house."

"But you didn't know you would when you bought it?"

"That's true enough."

"There, you see? You are wonderful!"

He smiled tenderly. "If it makes you happy to think so..."

"Yes, dear, I do. You're the most beautiful thing that has ever come into my life. I'm a clumsy fool. What I really meant to say is I'm sorry I missed the fight and I'm glad I wasn't killed. There! Oh, but sometimes how I wished I could break away. But I owe them so much. Do you understand, Helen?"

One of these days the time will be ripe and we'll go off together."

But when Helen was alone, she understood so much less clearly! She loved him. He loved her. There was no further doubt there.

Wait—
Long dreary years of waiting. For what? Would his sisters ever really accept her, no matter how diligently he planted the thought? Wait. Wait until she was weary and faded. Wait, while she ached for him, hungered for him. Wait, while every night their love-making in the back of the car was growing wilder and more abandoned.

The winter flew magically by for Helen, even though she was beset by doubts. She was in love, was loved in turn. Her heart was so full that she sometimes felt it would burst, and then everyone would know how consumed she was by her love for Walter. They became a duple in meaningful glances. They passed notes swiftly in the hall. Zest was added to the game by its danger. Their stolen moments were infinitely sweet, to be cherished and laughed over together. They discovered New York—out-of-the-way corners of it; the Palisades in winter, the upper far East Side; Bronx park, Mount Morris Park, the upper Bronx and Westchester. And since it had been an especially cold winter and a dismal spring, they were alone in their explorations. It was as if all New York were hibernating. On long hikes on Sundays they scarcely met a soul.

Then returning, they would find an isolated, steamy restaurant where they had an indifferent supper—which they never noticed. One night, creeping stealthily into her room, she started to see Belle sitting wide-eyed in bed, her elfin face very wile.

"Who's the rich guy in the Rolls-Royce?" she greeted her. "Is he going to marry you?"

And suddenly Helen found herself telling the whole story to Belle who was four years younger than she was.

"But, good heavens," Belle expostulated, "if he loves you and all that like you say he does, what's to stop him from marrying you? Is he afraid his mama will spank him? He owns the business, doesn't he? The old gal can't disinherit him, can she? If you ask me, Helen, it's the berries. He's just looking for an excuse."

"You don't understand," explained Helen patiently, not only to Belle but to herself. "It's so little, so loyal. He owes so much to his mother and sisters. He just can't bear to disappoint them. They're all set on his marrying an heiress."

"Bull," her little sister summed up. "I don't believe it. If he really wanted to marry you, Helen, he wouldn't give a hoot for his whole gang of females."

Helen was no psychologist. She hadn't even heard of Dr. Sigmund Freud whose ideas were already beginning to furnish so much table talk for sophomores and sophisticated society and who had brought sex out of obscurity into the limelight. Complex to Helen, was still an adjective.

But as she talked and explained, it seemed to Helen as if she were reciting a long piece of doggerel, slightly memorized and never wholly understood. Helen and the careful structure she had built up of faith in Walter began to totter.

(To be continued)

OREGON IN NEED OF MORE NEW HOMES

F.H.A. Official Discusses Housing Conditions on Visit to Roseburg.

Fewer liveable homes are vacant in Oregon than in any other state in the union, John H. Hoppes, of Portland, field director for the federal housing administration, said here today. Mr. Hoppes is spending several days in Roseburg in connection with the campaign being launched by the F.H.A. here to encourage construction of new homes.

"Normally there are about 10 per cent of the homes in the United States vacant," Hoppes said. "During the depression, however, the national average has dropped to four per cent. The vacancy average is two per cent, one of the lowest in the United States. Our observation in Roseburg is that the unoccupied, liveable homes in Roseburg do not exceed one per cent."

"These figures show the tremendous need for construction of new homes, and modernization of old buildings not now in liveable condition."

"It is estimated that the United States can stand construction of 500,000 new homes annually for the next ten years and not be over built. The normal growth calls for 200,000 homes each year."

Roseburg Could Stand 60.
"Based on figures and low vacancy percentage in Roseburg at the present time, the city could easily stand construction of 60 new homes."

"Personally, I am impressed with Roseburg as a wonderful place to live," Mr. Hoppes said. "I am sure the people here are interested in owning their own homes, and I hope that under this federal system the overcrowded housing condition of the city may be greatly relieved."

Advisers Coming.
Leslie Paxton, manager of financial relations for the F.H.A. in Oregon, assisted by Stewart Jameson, will be in Roseburg Monday and Tuesday, March 30 and 31, and will make headquarters at the chamber of commerce office, where they will hold individual conferences with all interested persons, Mr. Hoppes stated.

The F.H.A. is inviting every person interested in constructing a new home or modernizing an existing structure to meet with these representatives and determine the exact conditions of a loan to meet their individual case. Every help will be given in outlining terms of a contract and in securing a loan if desired, Mr. Hoppes said.

Visiting Here — Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Tester and Mrs. Addie Paxton of Portland arrived here last evening. Mr. Tester and Mrs. Pax-

ton will return to Portland Thursday. Mrs. Tester, formerly Hazel Marks, will visit with friends in this city for several days.

D. A. R. DAUGHTERS ELECT OFFICERS

PORTLAND, Ore., March 25.—(AP)—The Oregon Daughters of the American Revolution elected Mrs. Bonnie George Harding of Medford to succeed Mrs. Mark V. Weatherford of Salem as state regent, at their annual convention here today.

Mrs. Gilbert E. Holt of Pendleton was elected first vice-regent. Others elected included Mrs. M. M. Morris of Medford, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Lloyd J. Goble of Klamath Falls, recording secretary, and Mrs. A. T. Hill of La Grande, historian.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 26

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club Cont'd.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Sacred Music.
9:00—Louis Katzman and His Orchestra.
9:30—Old Favorites.
10:00—Women's Exchange.
10:30—Melody Moods.
11:00—Castillians.
11:15—Song Hit Revue.

Afternoon Hours

10:05—Dillard Motor Co. Dodge Program.
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Hansen Motor Co. Variety Program.
1:00—Feodor Challapian.
1:15—Friendship Circle.

DEPOT: Valley Hotel

2:00—On the Emerald Isle.
2:30—Garden of Music.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—Southern Serenade.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Goodrich Shop Sunshine Program.
4:30—Westerners.
4:45—Ambrose and His Orchestra.
5:00—Morton Downey.
5:15—Carl's Tavern Vagabonds of Prairies.
5:30—Gene Austin.
5:45—Band Selections.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, MARCH 27

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club Cont'd.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Organ Music.
9:00—Morsey Bros. Orchestra.
9:30—Morning Musical.
10:00—Women's Exchange.
10:30—Love Songs of Yesteryear.
11:00—Singing Strings.
11:15—Modern Melodies.

Afternoon Hours

12:05—Copco's Agricultural Talks.
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Oldsmobile Variety Program.
1:00—Stars Souci Minstrel Show.
1:30—Friendship Circle.
2:00—Songs of Our Land.
2:30—Music's Magic Carpet.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—Novelty Tunes.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Sandwich Shop Sunshine Program.
4:30—Phil Harris and His Orchestra.
4:45—Dance Time with Speed Rober.
5:00—Matinee Idylls.
5:15—Carl's Tavern Vagabonds of Prairies.
5:30—Popular Stars.
6:15—Sign Off.

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DEPOT: Valley Hotel

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